



# The Vigilante



126 5 12

## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

My parents were murdered when I was 8. They never found the culprit. It was left in a file in the police department, decaying slowly.

Or, more precisely, they did find the culprit. However, they couldn't touch him, nor his organization.

The law can't touch him. But I can.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



"My name is Cirrus Black, and I am the man who killed Tommy Jones."

A whisper ran through the court. Many people didn't believe me. I expected that part. I was just a kid. They were probably trying to justify my words as I spoke. Jilted from the trauma, or not quite right in the head...the usual defenses I was insistent on tearing down. Right about now, at least in movies, the judge would have been banging down their hammer and demanding silence. But he, too, seemed dazed by my statement. His eyes swept over me, no doubt trying to size up the murder weapon's place in my hands. A katana, almost a foot in length. Unorthodox method in 2016, no doubt.

I smiled. "May I please continue, your Honor?"

He shook his head slowly. "Please do."

"As I was saying, I killed Jones. And..." [See more of Story Wars](#)

Chapter 3 by TeTe

"Evidence one please!"

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As the samurai sword that used to hang in my father's study was brought in by a guard the whispers in the court became gasps and louder chit chat. It took several minutes before the dumbfounded judge asked for 'order and silence'.

As the katana paraded around the court in its black and red leather sheath, I remembered my dad telling me a story he had made up about the katana.

"This is called a katana. It's a samurai sword. This one is very special. It belonged to one of the most famous and strongest samurai in all of China. His name was Akuma Mahoutsukai. He was the only samurai to answer directly to the emperor. He won a battle against 500 men all alone, only him and his katana...."

Oh dad, if you could see me now. I would become Akuma Mahoutsukai, but my battle would be against 20 jurors, one accusation lawyer and a judge.

#### Chapter 4 by TeTe



"Some of you may know what this is from movies and other ninja related stories. This is called a katana, more known as a ninja sword. Today for many, and for my late father, an object of admiration and decoration. To me, it was always something that made me feel like I could conquer all my fears."

I looked in the eye of every juror. Each had a different emotion in the eyes. Some feared me, others doubted my capacity, most were looking at me like I was a little kid who should be crying for his mom.

But there was one juror that intrigued me. He was a very tall, slender man. Didn't look a day over 30, but dressed as if he was in the 30's. His eyes were almost black, with dark shades of blue mixed in, reminded me of petroleum. His face was unmoving, his eyes were unreadable, yet...I couldn't help but want to know exactly what he was thinking.

#### Chapter 5 by RavinJC



The man saw my gaze and looked down as if to hide something. I looked away too, almost by reflex. I studied the rest of the jury. The odd one out. I glanced to him again, then backed my gaze.

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"As I was saying," I took a pause, letting the courtroom get themselves ready to listen, "This sword, as you may know, was the murder weapon. I will let you inspect it as so." I let the judge look it over, to confirm the authenticity. "I would like to say a few words that prove, at least relatively, that I killed Jones." The jury and judge were silent. I had the floor. "First. The precision. As you may know, the cuts on Jones were not of one sharp move, but of many small slices, and one final blow to the heart. I can recreate the exact movements, and, if you were to look at the body, you could see the cuts are in the same place as I will put them here."

I swiftly stabbed, cutting around 15-20 times in around 5 seconds. I then spun around, and delivered a precise stab from my chest.

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